tive of Henry living's leading fellow-actors, by representative personages of influence, succeeded only because **of** Henry's unique position.

" We worked very hard to gel it done/' I heard said—more than once. And I often longed to answer : " Yes, and all honour to your efforts, but you worked for it between Henry's death and his funeral. *He* worked for it all his life !" "

I have always desired some other memorial to Henry Irving than his honoured grave, not so much for *his* sake as for the sake of those who loved him and would gladly welcome the opportunity of some great test of their devotion.

Henry Irving's profession decided last year, after much belated discussion, to put up a statue to him in the streets of London. I believe that it is to take the form of a portrait statue in academic robes, A statue can never at any time be a very happy memorial to an actor, who does not do his work in his own person, but through his imagination of many different persons. If statue it had to be, the work should have had a symbolic character. My dear friend Alfred Gilbert, one of the most gifted sculptors of this or any age, expressed a similar opinion to the committee of the memorial, and later on wrote to me as follows:

"I should aever have attempted the representation of Irving as a mumnier, nor literally as Irving disguised as this one or that one, but as *Irving*—the artistic exponent of other great artists' conceptions—Irving,

the greatest illustrator of the greatest men's creations—he himself being a creator.

" I had no idea of making use of living's facial and physical peculiarities as a means to perpetuate his life's work. The spirit of this work was worship of an ideal, and it was no fault of his tliat his strong personality dominated the honest